

# THE TATTLE-DOOLEE

## BY LORNA MOON

### A Humorous Scotch Story With an Unusual Love Theme.

His name was James MacDon-ald MacGregor, as the people could prove by reading the newly painted sign over his door, which told Drumory in yellow and black that he was a class tailor, pressing and mending also.

But Jean MacFarlane had nick-named him "The Tattle-Doolee" (sawdrow) on the very first Sunday. But this was not after the service, not until after he had outstayed her, outstaying her in volume. Even in the final hymn, when she had held the last note until her ears buzzed and her face was like a harvest moon, he had held it just a second longer.

Jean had always been proud of her breath. It lasted longer than any breath in the parish of Drumory. She was proud, too, that no voice in the parish could be heard above her own. Many had tried it, both men and women.

Stella's type (smart Aleck), called that because he was diffident and wore fancy waistcoats on week days, and a raucous free voice, and Mary MacGinn, who had a wooden leg, could make a brave noise when she put her mind to it. But even they had lost heart at last and had left Jean to lead the singing. The Cypre stayed away from the service altogether. But Mary MacGinn made up for her loss by coming late every Sunday, and the voice of brass and drum on her wooden leg announced her passage up the flagged aisle to her seat in the front row. Each entrance was a dramatic triumph, for she changed the trimmings on her hat every week, so that the congregation "wouldn't crane their necks for naught." Jean MacFarlane, who well could sing, gave up this triumph; there should be compensations for a wooden leg.

In four years Jean had ventured to sing in the choir, and the note of each line was a solo. The members of the congregation accepted it with the same placidity that they accepted the fact that the weather had never really hardened on the town, and if you sat too long or too solidly on one place, you left the nap of your suit embedded on the seat.

At the time they came to be proud of Jean, and they waited for her to finish with their mouths agape, as much out of admiration as out of a desire to be ready to start the next line when her breath finally gave out.

The organist, who was blind, knew better, and longed for the courage to terminate Jean's stentorian solos. But she dared not, and she knew that she believed she couldn't be so good as an organist that could see, and this made her timid; so she would humbly hold the last note and the organist would signal that she could start a new measure. But in return for this Jean defended her when some young snip would suggest that she was the first of an organist. "No," Jean would admit. "She's not a great musician, but she's a grand accompanist, and that's what's needed in a church like ours."

Until that first Sunday, Jean had no grudge against James MacDon-ald MacGregor, although it would have been natural, and she would have been ready to have snuffed a little in affected disdain when she heard his name mentioned, for his arrival was some of the much needed relief of an organist. "No," Jean would admit. "She's not a great musician, but she's a grand accompanist, and that's what's needed in a church like ours."

But Jean was a little irritated with her father on this score, and blamed him that she hadn't been married long since. For, although his date should have been sufficient to make her feel that she was a little irritated with her father on this score, and blamed him that she hadn't been married long since. For, although his date should have been sufficient to make her feel that she was a little irritated with her father on this score, and blamed him that she hadn't been married long since.

ON the way to Kirk that first Sunday Jean was in a twitter. She had even gone the length of putting Jockey Club on the front of her bodice as well as on her handkerchief. This was her first time to go to church for a moment she liked the feeling. Then, appalled at her own wickedness, she decided that she would never go to church again. But at that moment she was glad that she had used it, and sorry that she hadn't used more, as the new tailor passed on the road and remarked to his neighbor something about "a fine snip."

It was grand beyond Jean's expectations. He was a man that she had never seen before, and she was in admiration of his "venturesomeness" in wearing them when there was neither a war nor a revolution in the neighborhood to justify such splendor.

For in Drumory the laird is the only man entitled to common dress, to wear such grandeur on ordinary Sundays. Many a tattle-doolee in the fields around Drumory flapped in solitary dignity with a scarcely worn frock coat and "tile" of some decorated farmer, who had been too modest to wear them.

When Jean had been pleased when he came boldly up to the choir and took a seat in the front row of the men's pew directly facing her. It was a bit forward, but she was in the choir without a public invitation from the minister, but Jean thrilled. "It's all of a piece with my wearin' tile," he said, "and I'm glad to see you appreciate a singer." She was glad also that he was wearing them when there was neither a war nor a revolution in the neighborhood to justify such splendor.

and overhauled in the face. But he had a grand mustache! A manly-like full-grown mustache. A careful wife could make a fine, strapping child (chaps) out of him.

A yearning tenderness toward him, the passion of a broad heart, stirred in her breast. She wanted to enjoy his life, his love, his care, his strength, to belong to her. Feeling the need to emphasize this to herself by speaking of him, she whispered to MacDon-ald MacGregor:

"What think ye o' the new tailor?" When Mary answered: "He's unco chipper (thin) and hungry-like about his throat. He's a fine fellow, but he's no hog-fart. For myself, I like a man on the thin side."

When the organist began the prelude to the first hymn Jean took a deep breath.

Now he would see! Now he would take notice! She chafed at the first note with a vociferation that made Mary MacGinn drop her hymn-book. Never had her voice been so loud. Never had she felt so strong. It was in his power! He would be looking at her now! But wait! Wait until the end of the verse when she could show him the power of her voice. That would make him take stock and wonder. That was where breath could show to advantage.

As she reached that last phrase, she filled her lungs. Now would see. This would be the best that she had ever done.

Her voice rose powerfully above the others. They were falling away. As the last note was reached, Jean's voice took hold of the ragged edges of sound and kept them up. Soon she was singing alone.

But what was this? A voice full and strong was singing with her. He was singing! Was he trying to compete with her? Couldn't he? She glanced across at him, her face red with the strain of holding the note. He was well.

He was the insolent look of a duelist who is sure of victory. Outraged, Jean lost her hold upon the note, and the organist MacGinn's snip-boomed out in triumphant solo for two beats more.

affronted! Affronted she was and she wanted to show the whole congregation! Shamed and affronted in her own kirk and by this whinner, snapper. Made much of, and then she was to be humiliated!

She was the insolent look of a duelist who is sure of victory. Outraged, Jean lost her hold upon the note, and the organist MacGinn's snip-boomed out in triumphant solo for two beats more.

It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning.

It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning.

It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning.

It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning.

It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning.

It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning.

It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning.

It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning.

It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning.

It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning.

It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning.

It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning.

It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning.

It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning.

It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning.

It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning.

It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning.

It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning. It had been a bitter Sunday morning.

never be able to hold it back. No, she didn't know. But why, then, did she never mention collars when they were alone? Because she thinks I can cut them. Because she knows I can't. It was plausible either way.

She knows. She doesn't. For hours his needle would flash out and in to his tortuous refrain. Most times he had risen from his bench, determined to have it out. Or, sitting by her in the evenings, he had often been tempted to break the long silence by shouting the one word, "Collars!"

Just to see what she would do. But he never dared carry out that plan, because he couldn't bear to learn that she knew.

Most of the time he was comforted by the thought that she didn't know, and he loved her fiercely for her blind faith in him. But on occasions when she would defend him too loudly, he was convinced that she knew. And he tortured himself by the thought that she despised him in her heart.

At such times he almost hated her. "My, that's fine, brother," he had said, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

water and remind him, "The bowl next the fire goes in first."

It was a ritual gone through with much gusto on her part, and great patience on the part of Perney. At first he had blundered, forgetting that or that, or he would go down to the shop and play a solitary game of chess and forget the broth altogether, and bowls of raw vegetables would betray him to his wrathful wife upon her return.

One Sunday, in a flush of rebellion, he had dumped the contents of all the bowls into the pot the moment he stepped out the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they were seated at the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, not only for the knowledge, but also, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips, or even the doorsteps, and because he couldn't bear to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for in spite of himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser brood.

</